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Jesus, Joy of My Heart

Jesus, Joy of my sad heart,
All my hopes my life, Thou art;
Far from Thee, all joy is gloom,
Near Thee, e'en bleak deserts bloom.
Where shall I on earth e'er find
Friend so patient, true and kind?
Where shall I find sweeter rest
Than Thy pure and loving breast?
Hide me in Thy wounded Heart
And to me Thy love impart.

In blest childhood's holy hour
My heart felt Thy love's sweet power.
Ah, that I had never strayed
From the choice my soul then made!
Music sweet and roses bright,
Crown of glory, dreams of light,
Ah, these led me far from Thee
With their dazzling witchery!
Jesus let my prayers and tears
Cleanse the stains of vanished years.

When my weary soul looked back
O'er the desert's dreary track,
Thou didst seem so far, so far,
Darkness round, no light, no star!
Friends were far and foes were nigh
Hope and gladness seemed to die!
Then sweet Jesus, Thou didst prove
Man may blame, but Thou dost love!
Hide me in Thy wounded Heart,
From Thee, let me never part.

—Rev. Timothy Enright, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey.

"Big Bill" Harkness was a Catholic by marriage and a ward boss by profession. The latter avocation was the only one he was working at. Though he lost no sleep worrying over what was right and wrong before God, he was scrupulously careful about doing the correct thing before the voters. The ward he ruled was overwhelmingly Catholic. Therefore when he was reminded that it was the correct thing among Catholics for a widower to have an anniversary Mass for his dead wife, he lost no time in calling on Father Casey.

"Morning, Father Casey," he bellowed in his fog horn voice. Then taking out a fat wallet: "How much is an anniversary Mass worth?"

"Worth more than any human tongue can express," replied the priest.

"Gone up, have they?" queried "Big Bill" pleasantly.

"What has always been of priceless value can never go up. The infinite is incapable of increase."

"Big Bill" regarded the priest in a puzzled manner. Was there something wrong with the Pastor's head? But the practiced politician knew how to stick to his point and get what he went after—that is why he was Boss. He said:

"My wife is dead a year next Thursday. I want an anniversary Mass. How much does it cost?"

"The cost of the Mass," returned the priest, "is something no man has ever been able to comprehend."

"But what do you sell them for? I want to buy one," urged the man with growing irritation.

"I cannot sell what is not mine. And even if I could sell a Mass, you could never pile up sufficient wealth to buy one."

"What the ——" cried "Big Bill" starting up in bewildered rage.

"Sit down, Mr. Harkness," the priest commanded quietly but firmly. "I know full well what you want, but why don't you state your wants in correct form?"

He knew that word would catch the politician who plumed himself on always doing the correct thing, whether he was among blue-bloods or porch-climbers. The big fellow lunged into a chair and began to ruminate.

"When my wife wanted a Mass, she used to say she needed money

for—for—let me see—Oh, yes—for alms for a Mass. Is that it? How much are the alms for a Mass?"

"Your good wife meant well. However, she too was mistaken, though her terms were not so irreverent and—well—offensive as yours. You speak of buying a Mass; that is impossible. She spoke of giving alms to the priest who celebrated the Mass; that is humiliating. I am not over-sensitive myself, still I should not care to think that I am receiving alms from everybody that asks me to say a Mass for his intention. I am too strong and healthy to live on alms."

"Then, by Jove, I give up the riddle!" cried Harkness. "We mustn't pay for a Mass; we mustn't give alms for a Mass; what then must we do?"

"You must give a *stipend* to the priest who applies the Mass for your intention. If you do not know the amount, the correct form is to ask: How much is the stipend for a Mass?"

"Thank you, Father Casey, I won't forget that." And you may be sure he didn't; "Big Bill" Harkness never forgot anything that helped him to stand right with the voters of his ward. "At the same time, Father Casey, I know you will not take offense if I tell you that I cannot see how it makes much difference whether I say: What do you charge for a Mass? or What is the stipend for a Mass?"

"No offence in the world, Mr. Harkness," returned the priest heartily. "You never gave much attention to the study of the Catholic religion, and therefore it is quite natural that you should see little difference between these two expressions. There is a vast difference, nevertheless."

"Just where does this difference lie?"

"Let me ask you a question," said the priest. "Suppose you bring suit to collect a just debt. The testimony before the court proves beyond a peradventure that the money is rightly yours. How much will you have to pay the judge to pronounce sentence in your favor?"

"I won't have to pay him. In fact, for me to pay—or him to accept—money for pronouncing sentence would be a criminal offence."

"But the honorable judge must eat—he can't live on air."

"He receives a salary," replied Harkness. "This frees him from worry about his livelihood and enables him to devote his time to trying the cases which come before his court and to pronouncing sentence according to the law and the evidence."

"I see. Therefore, if I should meet him on the street and ask:

Judge, what do you charge for dispensing justice? he would probably get huffy and say: I do not charge for dispensing justice. Justice can be neither bought nor sold. But if I should say: Judge, what is your salary? he would tell me the amount the State contributes towards his sustenance so that it may have the benefit of his undivided attention in interpreting the law. Am I right?"

"Absolutely!"

"I see, Mr. Harkness, you have no difficulty in getting the viewpoint of the judge; now try to get the viewpoint of the priest. It is equally easy. You say: Father, what do you charge for a Mass? You may mean all right, nevertheless your words imply that I put a price on the Mass—that I try to sell the Mass. To price supernatural things at a material price—to barter heavenly goods for earthly dross—is the crime of Simony. You remember the man in the Bible, called Simon Magnus, who came to St. Peter and tried to buy the power of working miracles. St. Peter told him he was cursed of God for attempting such a thing. From the day Simon made that base proposition, the crime of bartering supernatural things for earthly goods has been called Simony. When you say: Father, how much do you charge for a Mass? your words imply that I am addicted to Simony. Is it any wonder that I should find your question offensive? If on the other hand you say: Father, what is the stipend for a Mass? it is the same as if you said: Father, I want you to apply a Mass for my intention next Thursday. How much must I contribute towards your sustenance on that day so that you will be able to devote your time to the celebration of Mass?"

"I begin to see the point," said Harkness, "the person for whom you say Mass on any given day, is supposed to support you on that day so that you will be at liberty to perform this service for him."

"You are right—with one little modification: that person does not have to support the priest for the entire day. After attending to the celebration of Mass and all that pertains thereto, he is able to devote himself to some other priestly work. Therefore the person for whose intention he offers up the Mass is obliged to provide only in part for that day's sustenance."

"How much must the person contribute for whom he says the Mass?"

"The exact amount is determined by the Church. It varies in different places according to the varying cost of living. No priest is

allowed to demand more than the amount fixed by the Church," said Father Casey.

"You charge more—I mean, you require a larger stipend for a High Mass than a Low Mass. I know this because they explained to me that the proper thing to have for my wife's anniversary is a High Mass."

"The singing and so forth at a High Mass," explained Father Casey, "is an added burden which the priest takes upon himself at your request—it is only right you should pay for it. The same may be said of a Mass at a late hour, a Mass for which the priest must travel a long distance, a novena of Masses, or thirty Masses to be said on thirty successive days. In these cases the priest may lawfully require you to pay him for the additional labor which he is performing for your benefit."

"If it's heavenly stock a fellow is after, I guess it's better not to call for any of the extras," said Harkness.

"I don't quite grasp your meaning."

"I mean, for instance, if I had only five dollars to invest, I would get more benefit out of five Low Masses than I would out of one High Mass."

"The amount of benefit you derive," explained the priest, "is something about which we can form no certain judgment—it depends upon the will of God. However, when you have a High Mass celebrated, you cause the divine services to be carried out in their full solemnity—undoubtedly an act of the highest merit, in return for which God will probably give you a much larger share of the fruits of the Mass than you would otherwise receive. In fact, there are many learned theologians who hold that we probably derive as much benefit from one High Mass as from five Low Masses—perhaps even more."

"Big Bill" was thinking. He had a passable set of brains which he did not suffer to get rusty from lack of use—though indeed he seldom exercised them on a subject of this nature. Presently he said:

"You probably know that I am not over strong on religion." The priest knew it only too well. "Still I don't like to hear guys of the Menace-reading type saying that our Church is out for money and nothing but money."

"Well do any of the other churches give the people one-half as much returns for the money as we do—in the form of church build-

ings for their use, services, sermons, instructions public and private, schools, teaching, and a hundred other ways?"

"No, they don't! And that's just what I tell these fellows," said Harkness. "But they come back with the charge that the Catholic Church teaches that the rich man can buy his way into heaven while the poor devil without any money has to stay out in the cold—or should we say, heat? Now this Mass question seems to give some show of truth to what they say. The rich man can have a thousand Masses said for himself, living or dead, where the poor man can have only one."

"'Tis true," said the priest, "he can—and he should."

"Then he buys his way into heaven!"

"Not at all! The Catholic Church teaches emphatically that such a thing can't be done."

"But he gets the thousand Masses. And you say a Mass is worth so much."

"A Mass is worth so much that if God applied its full value to us, one single Mass would be sufficient to merit all possible graces for all the living and to liberate all the suffering souls in purgatory. Remember it is not the number of Masses said for us that matters, but the amount of the value which God chooses to apply to our souls. It is certain that in determining the amount, God will pay far more heed to the individual sacrifice than to the number of dollars and cents. Therefore it is possible that the rich man may be obliged to have a thousand Masses said in order to obtain as much benefit as the poor man derives from one. Some Catholics look on this matter in a too selfish light—they consider only the personal benefit they derive. It is true that the person for whose intention the priest offers the Mass, derives great personal benefit—it is good and praiseworthy to keep this in mind—but there is another and a far nobler view, the glory we give to God and the benefits we procure for our fellow men, living and dead. It is God's will that Holy Masses, with all their wondrous effects, be continually offered up. In order to make this possible, the priests who celebrate these Masses must be supported. It is God's will that we all help in this matter, each in proportion to his means—the widow with her mite, the rich man with his treasures. There is no question of buying one's way into heaven. The graces necessary to live a good life and die a good death are not set up for sale like remnants on a bargain counter. We cannot haggle with God over

the price of salvation. Money helps us to get to heaven just like any of the other natural gifts God has given us—if we acknowledge that it really belongs to Him and that He has merely loaned it to us, and we gratefully and generously use it in his service. One of the ways in which He wants us to use money is in supporting the priests so that they can devote their time to the daily celebration of Holy Mass. A genuine test of faith and love of God in any family, parish, or country is the zeal displayed in having Mass said as often as possible. It is not a question of the man with the most money buying the most graces, but a beautiful example of the unity of Christ's Church, where rich and poor, priest and people, contribute, each of the gifts he has received, to further the glory of God, the welfare of the living and the cleansing of the dead by the perpetual celebration of the holy, adorable, and august Sacrifice of the Mass," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Do you know when we say of a man: May he rest in peace?
When he is dead. In this life there is no rest but we must ever toil
and do good.

ST. CLEMENT HOFBAUER.

Time is as valuable as God Himself, for in a moment you can
lose God, in a moment you can win God forever.

HIDDEN WITH CHRIST IN GOD

Just a modest little daisy
On our Lady's altar bright,
In a host of fragrant blossoms,
Hid from all but Mary's sight.

Sweetly, humbly there it nestles,
At our Blessed Mother's feet;
By the love that culled it fragrant
And far more than lilies sweet.

In service of her Mother
Far from worldly sin and strife,
As the humble little flower,
Mary's child doth spend her life.

Living but to love our Lady,
Life's brief day she doth consume;
And thus dying breathes the virtues
Which a spotless soul perfume.

—J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

The Last Place.

ST. LUKE XIV, 7-11.

The Circumstances. 1. Place. It happened in the region lying east of the Jordan, to which its Roman conquerors gave the name now current: Perea. It was a strip of highland plateau running from Pella in the north to Machaerus in the south, about 100 miles long; and from the Jordan winding along its western fringe to Philadelphia, which marked its eastern limit, about 30 miles wide. This country was rich in pasture-lands, dotted with forests of oak, olive-orchards, palms and vines. The Grecian armies of Alexander the Great left flourishing colonies in their trail: new towns arose as if by magic; older ones, almost fallen into ruins, received new life from the breath of the Grecian spirit, and well-paved streets, handsome palaces, theatres and temples proved the triumph of Hellenic culture. The density of population may be dimly surmised from the long list of towns furnished in the writings of Josephus. Now Our Lord entered one of these flourishing cities and "went into the house of one of the chiefs of the Pharisees."

2. Time. The incident belongs to the third year of Our Lord's public ministry, between December and March. Our Gospel (v. 1) reminds us that it chanced to be a "sabbath-day". Plutarch remarks of the Jews of his day: "When they celebrate the Sabbath, they invite one another to come and eat and drink with them." This tallies well with the directions given by the great Jewish authority, Maimonides: "It is forbidden to fast on the Sabbath; on the contrary, men are bound to enjoy themselves with food and drink."

3. Persons. The company here assembled must have been quite numerous; such as would do honor to the wealth and influence of a chief of the Pharisees. These persons were select, aristocratic and wealthy; this is implied by the reproof which Our Lord will give His host in vv. 12-14; for He bids him invite the poor in future. Furthermore, Oriental custom warrants us in assuming the usual and welcome presence of many curious sight-seers. Our Lord Himself was present here, as an invited guest (v. 12). Nor is it the solitary instance of its kind. This is the third time that He accepted such invitations from the Pharisees. (See also St. Luke VII, 36, and XI,

37). Our Catholic Church commends the union of religious piety and family-joys on the Lord's Day. She learnt it of Our Lord. But may our home-rejoicings ever be such that He would gladly assist and crown them by His Presence!

THE SUBSTANCE OF THIS DISCOURSE.

A gem is shown to best advantage when mounted in a suitable setting. Our verses constitute only one flower in a wreath woven of miracles and sister-discourses. The scene enacted upon this occasion runs through 24 verses, and may be sundered into two sections. In the former section (vv. 1-6.) Our Lord heals the man that had the dropsy. His object in doing it was to establish His own unimpeachable authority in the eyes of all present. He needed that, and needed it in the interests of His infinite Mercy. For He had come to bring them a message of God's love, an invitation to enter His own Kingdom, to take part in His own heavenly Supper (v. 24). But they were in a hostile mood. No, He did not permit such hostility to sour his sentiments. Just the opposite. As the dam causes the stream to rise and swell, so their hostility only roused His Mercy to reach the flood-tide, burst the bonds of nature and reveal itself in manifest miracles. He succeeded in that; for twice it is mentioned that their hostility was reduced to silence (see vv. 4 and 6). True there was some humility in that silence. Yet it was a humility that was wrung from them by force. Such humility did not serve His purpose. He sought that sincere and true humility of soul which comes as the free and willing tribute of love. Therefore He goes on to plead for it, in the second section, vv. 7-24. Here we may discern three paragraphs. Through all of them we are struck by the outstanding principle: God is the Sovereign Lord and Master, whose all-embracing love gratuitously invites us all to His Banquet; but whose Majesty and Holiness imposes on man the necessary dispositions (a) of a creature's humility (vv. 7-11), (b) of genuine charity to our fellow-men (vv. 12-14), (c) else the penalty of exclusion from His Supper will fall upon all who love themselves and their earthly fortunes more than God's holy Will and their own welfare (vv. 15-24).

THE OCCASION.

"And He spoke a parable also to them that were invited, marking how they chose the first seats at the table, saying to them": a) Their customs. In the magnificent dining-hall, attended by a goodly number

of servants, the couches were ranged round a central table in the form of a horse-shoe. The host reclined in the center, and the first places were probably those nearest to him. The order of place and rank is observed with far greater scrupulousness in the Orient. Even today, travellers are struck with surprise at this precision.

b) Their fault. The high social standing of their host, the select quality of the guests, the anticipated circle of numerous bystanders, afforded a tempting lure to souls that thirsted for the glory of honorable rank, who loved to be raised on pedestals where they could be seen and admired. The bait was too charming. Many of them, instead of exhibiting greatness of soul by unselfish modesty, displayed only a paltry weakness. Now please, don't be too cynical in your contempt of them: perhaps some good friends could remind us of times when we slipped into similar absurdities. However, this was a pet weakness of the Pharisees in particular. Upon another and a more favorable occasion Our Lord will wield the lash of scathing censure: "Beware of the Scribes, who . . . love salutations in the market-place, and the first chairs in the synagogues, and the chief rooms at feasts; who devour the houses of widows, feigning long prayers. These shall receive greater damnation." (St. Luke XX, 46, XI, 43—St. Mark XII, 38,—especially St. Matth. XXIII, 6, where the Pharisees are expressly designated.) Throughout the embarrassing confusion caused by such childish quarrel about rank, Our Lord stood quietly back, quietly awaiting the sign to take His place. And He is Our God! Let us be modest too as occasion demands. Then will we be with Him, and His companionship will render modesty doubly dear..

c) The reproof. Our Lord did not enter into the quarrel. Then minds were heated, and hearts were sore and reproof would only antagonize. He waited till some time elapsed. The interval allowed the sting of chagrin to be forgotten over the good things upon the table before them. It was customary to enhance the gayety of repasts by songs and recitations. Sometimes too a person of distinction was invited to express his views on topics that were of special interest to all. That moment arrived. All eyes turned to Him.

THE PARABLE ITSELF.

"When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honorable than thou be invited by him,

and he that inviteth thee and him, come and say to thee: Give this man place; and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art invited, go, sit down in the lowest place; that when he who inviteth thee cometh, he may say to thee: Friend, go up higher. Then shalt thou have glory before them that sit at table with thee." Let us glance at a few characteristic traits in Our Lord's manner of teaching, as they are disclosed in this parable.

1. How lovable. a) First of all we are impressed by His *delicacy* and tenderness, even toward such as were loveless and cruel toward Him. He is anxious to avoid needless pain. Notice that His parable does not allude to a Sabbath-meal, such as was just in course. Then the target would be too clear. Then there would be no room for evasion. The arrow must hit the hearts of those just present. That would be too blunt and indelicate for Him! Notice rather, how He makes a graceful shift, and rests His parable on a wedding. Quite another thing! He mercifully respects their feeling and gives them a loop-hole for evasion.

b) Then the *propriety* and fitness of the picture. He aims at conveying a distasteful lesson, at preparing their minds for tidings about the Kingdom of God. He borrows His illustrations from what is nearest to all; from what is uppermost in their minds. He adroitly bases His lesson on objects that seem naturally to suggest it.

c) There is a ring of *cheer and joy* that adds a more delightful charm to all these three paragraphs. Here it is the allusion to wedding-bells; in the next, we picture to ourselves the boundless happiness of the orphan and the beggar when regaled by the bounty of some generous benefactor; in the last we are well nigh raised aloft to joys of heaven.

d) There is an enchanting *simplicity*. The merest child can grasp His meaning. Once Our Lord bade His Apostles become as little children, else they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. Now see how Our Lord Himself can speak as artlessly as a child! See how infinite Wisdom can stoop to the level of our own child-minds, and almost become a child with us!

2. How sensible. Even in common every-day life it will be well worth our while to take this lesson to heart. The picture is sketched in a few bold and clear strokes. And yet that is enough to make us all realize that we have before us a snap-shot of human hearts.

a) Contrast the *external conduct* represented: selfishly usurping

the first place, or being content with our true position, the duties assigned by God. Our outward conduct is to our inward being what the uniform is to the soldier, what the plumber's kit and tools are to the plumber. As uniform and tools reveal the station and avocation in life, so our conduct reveals our interior make-up. Our conduct often speaks louder and truer than our words: for in words we may parade a pretence of modesty, but our actions give the lie to our shallow protestations.

b) Contrast the *punishment and reward* sometimes meted out to us, in consequence of our conduct, even in this ordinary, daily life. Who has not witnessed the fact that high-flying pride is sometimes quite summarily crushed, and the imperious dictator of today is cried down and trampled upon tomorrow? Sterling modesty often meets its well-deserved exaltation.

c) Contrast the *impression made* on all around. Men abominate arrogance and pride, at least in others. It is so loveless, so unfeeling toward the claims of our neighbors. All-absorbed in self, swollen large and heavy with selfishness, we would fain pass as a steam-roller over the rights of others and the respects due to them, and force our advance to honors that do not belong to us. But when the fancied steam-roller is wrecked, others are tempted to cheer at our fall and sneer at our shame. On the other hand, modesty is so beautifully mindful and considerate of others, is often too a thing so rare, that men grow naturally grateful and pay willing homage to a virtue so dear to every human heart and gladly join in its exaltation.

3. How noble and sublime. Thus far we have merely touched the shell, we have not yet opened it to taste the sweetness of the kernel it holds. We have only handled the gift-box, without getting even a glimpse of the jewels within. Let us go further and search for the sublime truth Our Lord wished to convey.

THE REAL LESSON INTENDED.

"Because everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Here Our Lord gives a rule which He considers fast and hard and unerring. On earth and among men, pride often succeeds in usurping a crown and in ruthlessly crushing under its cruel heel the rightful claims of others. On earth and among men, humility often lingers unknown, unheeded, even despised. Before God it is quite different: here pride will infallibly come to a

fall, humility will not escape His searching glance nor miss its eternal reward of glory. This is furthermore clear from the fact that St. Luke calls the lesson a parable. Now a parable is a sort of comparison. Things occurring among men are presented as illustrations, because we are more familiar with them. Men detest arrogance, when it tramples on just rights of others, especially when in doing so it rashly overrides the superior authority of one who is evidently entitled to rule and decide. How much more must God abominate it, when His own Sovereign Rights are rudely disregarded. Before God, creatures must be humble. Once there was an earthly lord, who was foolish enough to flaunt his pride in the face of God. "Who is the Lord, that I should hear His voice? . . . I know not the Lord." Thus spoke Pharaoh of old. But Moses waved his rod, and the surging billows of the Red Sea foamed in wrath and swallowed up the boastful hosts of the Egyptians, while the God-serving Israelites were saved. Our age is resonant with godlessness. Men presume to dispense with God in peace and war, in school and home. Men act as if there were no Master to put them into their proper place. Beware! Who so exalteth himself, shall be humbled. We have lived to see nations madly clashing in a frantic dash for the first places in commerce and world-power. We have lived to see peoples resent the yoke of legitimate authority, and break the sceptre of law and order. We have lived to see men intoxicated with the pride of wealth monopolizing the goods of earth till gorged to surfeit, while millions must slave and pine in want. Beware! Who so exalteth himself shall be humbled. For God still lives and rules.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

"There's not a land on th' face iv th' wurruld, but th' wan, where an Irishman doesn't stand with his fellowman, or above him. There's Mac's an' O's in ivry capital iv Europe atin' off silver plates, whin their relations is staggerin' under th' creels iv turf in th' Connaught bogs."—*Mr. Dooley.*

Happiness depends greatly on trifles, yet it is no trifle. Therefore take pains to keep trivial annoyances away from those you love, lest you mar their happiness.

How Mark Won The Prize.

This was the night on which Mark Mervin's fate depended. The full moon's silvery light held no thrill for him as he walked down Parkside Avenue, and even the rustling leaves of the great trees that shaded the street and made the moonlight sparkle and dance on the pavement, had no consoling message for him. He had taken a fancy to Mildred McCann; and tonight he intended to interview Mr. McCann to see whether he could hope for Mildred's hand.

Mark had his words well chosen; they were few. For he reckoned that the elder McCann would not fail to notice his athletic form, his handsome features, his faultless dress,—and that he was city-salesman for The Century Company. Besides, was not his father a well-known member of the same parish and a Knight of Columbus? What more could Mr. McCann desire for his daughter Mildred!

A few minutes later, he was seated in the McCann parlor,—Mildred herself having admitted him and then gone for father. A slight thrill shook Mark's frame when he saw Mildred decked out in her finery,—as she excused herself to leave for some engagement she had made.

"Good evening, Mark!" said Mr. McCann, as he came in proffering his hand to the younger man who came forward to meet him.

"Good evening!" replied he, shaking hands.

"Glad to see you, Mark," went on the older man, taking a seat and motioning Mark to do the same. "Glad to see my old friend, Theodore Mervin's boy. Your Dad and I were chums when old St. Lawrence Church here was nothing but a frame shanty, and Parkside Avenue a mud road. . . . Well, what's brought you here tonight?"

Mark stammered slightly. All the while that Mr. McCann was speaking he had been rehearsing his speech. Now when suddenly confronted with the question, he was momentarily embarrassed.

"Well," he began hesitatingly, but still determined to go to the point at once,—for he was a young man who meant to face without flinching every difficulty that had to come. "I came to ask whether I might not visit your daughter Mildred, and hope some day to make her my wife."

"Hm!" grunted Mr. McCann, twisting up his mouth as that were

a problem requiring deeper scrutiny, too complicated for immediate answer. "I have no objection to you personally, Mr. Mervin," he went on. Mark noticed the formal tone that Mr. McCann was adopting, and thought he must defend himself.

"And my family," he said, "is not such to be ashamed of!"

"True, for you; Ted Mervin is a good man."

"As good a Catholic as there is one," put in Mark; "a member of the parish societies, interested in all its work, and respected by everyone."

"That's true," repeated McCann, trying to gain command of the conversation.

"And my record," insisted Mark, trying to hold the floor; but stopped at the sight of Mr. McCann's gesture of silence.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Mervin, there's no gainsaying all that. Your record, too, may be good, I don't doubt it. But can you support my daughter, Mildred, on your salary? With a look he showed Mark that he had not finished speaking; but he stopped to take out his glasses, rub them and pinch them on his nose. Mark was almost astonished to see what a change this made in the man's appearance; he was now the shrewd City Accountant. "That's it," he continued sententiously, "to put it honestly, Mr. Mervin; that's the question."

Mervin could not for an instant distinguish whether the man was thinking his salary was too small or that his daughter was too extravagant.

"I can work myself up, if it isn't enough," he ventured.

"Don't depend on future contingencies that are altogether doubtful," replied McCann, with a wise shake of his head; "you must at least have something definite to start with."

"We can save and be economical," suggested Mervin weakly.

"But Mildred must always be a McCann, my dear friend!" And there was emphasis in the sentence.

Mark for the first time glanced round the room and took notice of the furnishing. It was exquisite; not ostentatious, so as to betray the ambitiousness of the "nouveau riches", but marked with a subdued luxury and stateliness. He thought of the rustle of silk, as he had been ushered in by Mildred, and for the first time he realized that he stood a rung or two below the McCanns on the "social ladder". It stung him,—though there was little poison in the sting, only a stimulus for his ambition.

"I'll see, Mr. McCann," he said rising to go. "I'll have something better to show when I call again."

"Then you'll be most welcome, Mr. Mervin. Understand, I am speaking for your own good as well as for my daughter's."

"Thank you, and good night!"

"Good night!"

The interview was ended. Again Mark stood in the street. It was deep in thought that he started home. He had seen Mildred McCann repeatedly, going to church and at Parish Socials, and he began to think that she would make him a good wife. That is, he liked her looks,—who didn't? But, of course, Mark was not thinking of the others.

Arrived at home, he let himself sink into the broad arms of an easy chair, his little curved pipe clinging to his lower jaw; that was his position for deep thought and it meant that Mark Mervin was in earnest. Nothing was turning up apparently, no solution of the problem was materializing. Listlessly reaching to the floor, he picked up a newspaper that had been lying beside the chair and looked through its pages. "STORY CONTEST" he read, on one of the pages.

"Puh! nothing for me!" he said to himself, and paged onward, only to come back again to "STORY CONTEST". A third time it stood before his eyes: "STORY CONTEST",—and each time the letters seemed to grow. Then he read the pestering account, just to get rid of it. "A prize of \$2,000 for the best story to be handed to the editor of the paper within three months". "Two thousand dollars!" he kept repeating; "two thousand on my own bank account! How would that look to Mr. McCann?—But,—the *best* story! I've never written a story in my life! But then, that's not saying that I can't. . . . Never say can't! . . . What is it Emerson said? 'What we believe is coming to us, is a tremendous creative force'! Yes, I shall win that prize!"

Every night after that, to the great surprise of his very inquisitive sister, he was at home,—hidden in his room, pen in hand. He said he was bringing some of his work home, so as not to have to work downtown. It was fortunate that he used a fountain pen; for the end of it showed such usage from thoughtful teeth that a wooden penholder must have been worn to a stub.

Before him lay at the end of the first week a heap of papers, some

of them covered with titles, scratched, scored, repeated, scratched again.

"That must come first!" he said to himself; "what shall we call it? 'The Winning of Mildred' . . . What would she say if she saw that?" But that was scratched. 'Not for gold' was scratched likewise. 'Just Mildred' that too was blotted out. 'Per Aspera ad Astra' he had ventured, evidently a reminiscence of his college days, or a bitter remembrance of Mr. McCann's banker-look. 'Ambition's Prize', he wrote at last. "Capital," he declared, "that will do! that will do! . . . Now for the story." . . .

It was 12:30 that night when he awoke,—stiff, every joint paining, his legs and arms asleep,—his pen dribbling ink all over his paper. He went to bed, murmuring something else than night-prayers; but really, he was not entirely responsible then for his slang.

All the following week, when he returned to the store after his sales excursions, he had with him a little bundle of paper; and sitting at one of the desks, he would work till time was up at his story. Near by was the desk of Miss Ella Werner, the superintendent of the girls in the office force. A slender young lady was she,—active but not impetuous, all business during the day, meeting Mark with a cheery "Good morning" or "Good evening" and some other casual remarks,—but otherwise unknown to the young salesman. To see Mark at his desk so long, was evidently strange to her; usually it did not take him so much time to make up his daily accounts. Perhaps curiosity was aroused; but anyway she found occasion to pass his desk this day.

"Busy?" she asked, as Mark, two-weeks deep in his story was still struggling with the beginning of it.

"Ah, yes, quite busy," stammered Mark, as he came back with a jolt from a dream and pretended to be writing furiously.

"Your sales must be increasing fast," she ventured somewhat dubiously, for even she could see that it was not figures and sales that he was busied with.

"Why, you see," confessed Mark slowly, "it isn't that; it's some little literary work, you know,—as a diversion," he added by way of tail.

"Hew!" she said admiringly; "I admire you, but haven't quite time for such pursuits, except perhaps evenings,—but then I cook, or do needle work, or make dresses, and things like that."

"Well," said Mark with hesitation, "this is for a special reason."

And then, realizing that he was telling on himself, he blushed noticeably. In the effort to pull his foot out of the swamp, he only got the other foot in also. "I am trying to write," he went on, "a story for the Globe Contest,—you know the prize is two thousand dollars."

"You're ambitious, Mr. Mervin!"

"Yes," he admitted, "in a way,—that is, in a way, very ambitious, I suppose. I am trying to win two prizes at once: the two thousand, and,—and . . .". There was no use stopping now; he finished by telling the whole story.

"And how is the prize story getting along, now?" she asked.

"Poorly," admitted Mark dejectedly; "wretchedly, I should say; perhaps you could give me some suggestions, Miss Werner."

"I? Oh, I don't see what I could do. I don't even read stories very much. I like biographies,—stories about real men,—and books of travel, and something serious now and then, or a little poetry. But, work takes up most of my time."

"Well, anyhow," urged Mark, "look this over and tell me what you think about this beginning."

"It's pretty good," she said after reading the page. The accent she put on that "pretty" cannot be given in print; but it meant a great deal. "Do you think," she continued while putting the sheet on the table, and looking Mark squarely in the face, "do you think those people are real? Do people talk like you make them talk?"

"Hm! Don't they?" asked Mark vaguely. "I don't," he admitted after some thought, "that's true."

There was a momentary silence; both were thinking hard. At last a light seemed to have come to the young lady.

"What you need, Mr. Mervin," she said, drawing together her eyebrows as if she were making a very shrewd remark, "is experience,—or better, observation. You have all the chances in the world, just in your work. Get around to sell to all the people you can; watch them,—their little ways and peculiarities, hopes and plans. Study them, by trying different methods of selling to them. In that way you'll find the ruts in which their ideas run and their talk. Don't you think so?"

"That does look reasonable!" ejaculated Mark. "In fact, that's just it! Thanks, Miss Werner; I'll start tomorrow morning early."

After that he never came back to the office much before time. He tried to fill in every moment at his work. The pen was laid aside

altogether, except for the evenings, when he would jot down little notes on character, bits of description, odds and ends of conversations, little attempts to see what a given character would do under other circumstances, and so on.

Never had he been so active; never so alert on his sales; never we might add,—though that was entirely incidental to him now,—was he so successful. But he was learning character, he was finding out what faces meant, what little actions betrayed of inner personality, thought-moulds and sentiments. He was beginning too to realize what an ideal character meant, and heroes and heroines began to be people who had not simply a prepossessing exterior, like the fashion plates at the milliner's with hollow head and chest,—but, he had to fit them out with thoughts and feelings and aspirations and ideals and actions.

"How is the story getting along, Mr. Author?" Miss Werner would ask, as they met on their way from the office.

"Why," he would answer, "experiences are coming by the wholesale." And then he would tell enthusiastically of incidents and conversations of the day, which they discussed and over which they laughed. "But," he would conclude, "the story is nowhere; I haven't a line of it written."

"It's growing" she assured him confidently, "like the coral-islands little by little. Just keep on,—ambition, don't lose that!"

So he did keep on. Nor was it hard, for it had brought a new interest in his work,—made it a game in fact. At last, just two weeks before the close of the contest, he set to writing. It took many an evening, but with his fulness of incident went rather rapidly. One morning he came down to the office with a victor's smile on his face. He greeted everybody lustily; a feeling of accomplishment made his chest swell.

"Good morning," he said to Miss Werner, as she came toward him.

"I'll bet it's finished!" she replied, neglecting every form of greeting. "I can see it, and I don't blame you for smiling!"

"And the best of it is," added Mark, "it's a winner!"

"I haven't the least doubt," she replied in a knowing way.

A week or two later there came to the office in the mail a great envelope for Mr. Mervin. He was out as usual on his sales, and all day long it lay on his desk. Miss Werner saw it, and knew just what it was; she felt as much interest as if it belonged to her. At last Mark Mervin came in. Miss Werner motioned at him from her desk that

"it" was there. For a moment Mark held it in his hands,—as if his fate as author depended entirely upon that envelope. Then he ripped it open. Miss Werner was at his side by this time.

"What is it?" she whispered. "Did you win?"

Mark's face fell.

"No," he said with all the disappointment he felt in that one word. "Rejected as unsatisfactory!" She took the story from his hand and began to glance through it.

"Mr. Mervin," called an office-boy, coming up to him. "You are wanted in Mr. Masterson's office."

Mervin started slowly in the wake of the boy, as if he had lost a fortune. Thinking that it was for the usual interview with the Manager of the Century Company, he entered mechanically into the big man's presence.

"Have a seat, Mr. Mervin," said Masterson. "Your work during the past two months and a half has been brought to my notice. Your sales-book doubles the returns of any other. You deserve a raise. But I have another proposition. Our sales-manager is leaving; you have shown yourself big enough to fill his place. It's up to you!"

Under the circumstances it was hard for Mark to restrain his surprise. He had not given the sales as such much notice. He had been thinking of the experiences. Now he saw how the experiment had brought him undreamt of returns.

"Thank you," he finally said, "for the confidence you place in me; I accept the position."

"Get your instructions then from Mr. Downer, and begin work at his salary with something better if you can put into all the salesmen the spirit you have shown these past months."

Mervin's mind was a jumble when he came out of that office. It all seemed so strange to him; that he should have won by the very story by which he lost a prize! As he reached his desk, Miss Werner was still standing there reading the story.

"Say," she declared, on his approach, "If I had that critic who rejected your story here, I'd shoot him!"

"You would," asked Mark; "and why?"

"Why? How you can ask! Aren't you angry with him?"

"Not at all," answered Mervin. "I lost the prize, but I won something better. I'm sales manager of the Century Company!"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Miss Werner with sincere congratulation. "I knew it would bring something!"

"You knew?" Mark looked at the young lady before him. Now it dawned on him why she had been egging him on to get "experience"; now he began to see how she had helped him with her common sense; now he realized how Mildred had passed out of his thought altogether during these months. Under his gaze she blushed,—and he began to understand more.

"Yes," she said. "As soon as you showed me your story, I realized that your literary ambitions would not bring you very far; but I knew that real interest in your work would bring sure results. Will you forgive the deception?"

"Forgive!" exclaimed Mark, and grasped for her hand. But she hurried away.

"The girls will simply turn things upside down, if I'm not there," she excused herself. "I must get to work."

That evening Mark had an interview with Mr. Werner, to whom he put the same question he had put to Mr. McCann three months before. This time the answer was different.

"Wasn't that story a prize winner?" he asked Miss Werner one evening a few months later.

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

"God must like the common people—He made so many of them."
—*Lincoln*.

THE SOUL'S HAPPINESS

Reflect, my soul, upon thy priceless worth;
Bethink how snatched from hell's abysmal chain,
Thy God has made of thee His sacred fane;
By pain and death upon this wretched earth.
The purest Virgin Mother gave Him birth,
That HE o'er souls might everlasting reign;
His Cross and thorns to thee might be a gain;
His endless bounty might supply thy dearth.
Like John, Beloved, THOU can'st now remain
At rest upon the Heart of Christ, thy Lord,
And draw in joy from that so plenteous hoard,
The Saviour's fountains, virtue's sweet domain,
The pledge of Heaven. What is worldly bliss
Compared to this, my God's own peaceful kiss?

—*Paul O. Balzer, C. Ss. R*

Through Thick And Thin With The Boys.

LETTERS OF CHAPLAIN B. KAVANAGH, C. SS. R., TO HIS SISTER.

The siege of Gaza held the English army for some time. During it Father Kavanagh had a wealth of experience, and a great deal of hard, but consoling work. He had at last reached the goal of his longings and saw as he wished, what war meant for the man in the ranks, the private. We have two letters of his, lengthier than usual.

Gaza—in the Field.

English Exped. Forces, April 12, 1917.

Dearest:

It is nearly a fortnight since our great fight at Gaza, and I have delayed writing to you, partly because it is impossible to give you in detail all the incidents of that great experience, partly because I suspect the base censor is instructed to arrest such correspondence.

On Saturday, 24th of March, we moved out from Kafa at sunset and lay all Passion Sunday hidden in some spacious gardens near Khan Yunus. Church parades forbidden, no Mass. Sunday evening we resumed our march in silence, and camped in a wood about 10 o'clock, where we were informed the plan was to resume at 1 a. m. and attack Gaza at daybreak. I got a slice of cold meat and biscuit, lay down and drew a waterproof sheet over me, but woke at 12:30 chilled through. The silent advance in almost utter darkness, led by a guide, was solemn. The night was so cold that I dismounted and led my horse all the way, up to the knees wet, through deep meadows, and across the Wady, the bottom of which is a quicksand. Some almost sank in, but we were warned to dash through the water at the double and throw ourselves on to the opposite bank. About 4 a. m. we reached, left our horses below, and climbed a great bluff where I looked down with awe on the great biblical town—and the hill up which it is narrated Samson carried the city gate.

We sat down in a wet barley field and breakfasted, viz., a biscuit, the breadth and consistency of a floor board, and a gulp of water, all carried to us. An unusual fog delayed operations and it was past 8 when a lyddite shell, 60 lbs. in weight, from one of our guns was sent into their redoubt overlooking the town, and announced our arrival. There was an instant uproar, whistles blowing, trumpets bray-

ing, calling in their officers and men, and in a short time was developed the most terrible duel as their explosives and shrapnel burst all around us. The Kents were holding the left front down towards the coast, and as it happened we had an easier time of it than several other battalions. I ran on with our front company up one dune and down another, but the long night march and want of sleep were too much for me, and soon I found myself overtaken by the second firing line among whom I lay behind the skyline most of the morning. An hour later the Colonel rode up on his gray horse and I stood up to speak to him. Presently a bullet from a sniper on my left dropped beside me. I thought it was a spent bullet. "Enough to break your leg," said he; "by George, you need never want to be nearer than you were then!" At 11, one of our men was brought in on a stretcher. An hour later I was sent for by the Adjutant. "Private W. is dead," said he, "will you bury him?" "He is not a Catholic," said I. "No matter, you are the only Chaplain with our battalion." So I went off to do it, when I met my orderly who said he was buried already.

Most of the afternoon I spent beside the Observation Officer who watched the effect of our heavy guns and telephoned to them the result of each shot. Later we heard our men were falling back at one point, leaving two badly wounded under fire. The doctor and I set off trying to find cover, but we had to cross the enemy's firing lines and were nearly caught by a bullet. We reached our men—one had broken a leg, the other had a stomach wound, latter since dead. Luckily the sun was setting and soon they were carried back.

Our orders for the night were to lie down beside our guns and "defend them to the last man." It was a long march in the dark, and we were all tired, indeed I would have fallen out but was afraid of being made a prisoner. At last we got there, four or five of us officers threw ourselves on the wet ground and presently were all sound asleep in a bunch. Some wood was found to kindle a fire and all were looking forward to a mug of hot tea when the firing recommenced not far behind us. Instantly fires were put out and the men stood to arms again. It was probably only a ruse on the part of the Turks to locate us.

I got a lump of cheese, a mug of whiskey and water, and slept comfortably covered until morning,—no need to dress, no means of washing, but a mug of tea for breakfast, and at about 8 the fight was resumed. It was desultory, however, and we believed towards mid-

day it was over; so I called for my horse and rode away to see after the other battalion of my brigade.

As I afterwards learned, a number of my Catholic men had been killed. Riding up to Gaza, I met a sentry posted on the way who warned me the enemy had been greatly reinforced and our men were retiring before overwhelming odds. Soon I saw them falling back under a hell of shrapnel. As I rode back, six shells exploded in front of me. On Tuesday evening about 5 p. m., our position was searched by their guns; we scattered and lay in the sand for half an hour—none of us were hurt.

We messed comfortably that evening on a pleasant green field, spread out our beds and went to sleep. At midnight a dispatch arrived to say that the enemy was pressing on us and we were to withdraw at once across the river. "If you have anything you specially value," said the Colonel to me, "put it in your pocket for we shall probably lose our transport."

I never shall forget that hour while outposts were being called in, sentries gathered, camels laden, etc. Then we moved off towards the shore, walked again through the Wady knee deep, and put some three miles between us and the enemy. We halted for a quarter of an hour while our Colonel rode off to interview the General, and I slept on the roadside. Towards morning we concentrated in a strong defensive position in this neighborhood, a circle of hillocks where we command the surrounding country. Had a hot breakfast, most welcome, and comforting that Wednesday morning, 28th of March. At 7 a. m. their guns were upon us and we lay around for half an hour under the "heavies"—no one hurt.

Since then we have altered our position once or twice; every day we are reconnoitered by their aeroplanes and we know their guns are trained upon us.

I am writing this in a field with my legs over the bank of a dry water-course. A dozen of their "heavies" have fallen around me as I write, one of those desultory attacks we occasionally interchange.

Long before this reaches you, we shall be in action again and you will know all about it. Their position is a very strong one, and they will not be turned out without a prolonged struggle.

———— Best love, dearest, from

Bernard.

About two weeks later we hear from him again,—this time about an engagement which took place on the 19th of April.

English Exped. Forces, April 25th, 1917.

I wish I could, sprawling in my dug-out here, with the thermometer well over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and no shelter but a small bivouac, (i. e., a sheet of canvas set on four poles)—give you some faint idea of our great Battle last Thursday, 19th inst. Gaza surrounded by redoubts and advantageous points strongly fortified remains impregnable, and after a long day's fight we have fallen back, having suffered very heavy casualties. It began at daybreak with a long, steady bombardment of two hours as arranged. Then we all moved forward. The Doctor and I agreed to stay together, as far as possible, and to move his dressing station on and on close to the firing line. The direct objective of our Battalion was an entrenchment hill, which in our recent survey maps is marked "Samson's Ridge", the high eastern summit of it is their chief observation post between Gaza and the sea. As we advanced, the bullets spattered over us, and while the Doctor and I were cowering together behind a small eminence, one struck him on the breast. This was about eight o'clock. I helped to bind him up and carry him back, then waited for the sand cart. Just as I started off again, a whole procession of wounded men came in on stretchers, so I carried on by turning back to help our one remaining Doctor. Mostly flesh-wounds; some shattered limbs,—dreadfully painful. It was nearly mid-day when I set off once more to see the battle, for I knew the Chaplain's presence does much to encourage the men. As I approached bullets whizzed over me, and I took, of course, what cover I could. The battle was increasing intensity, and soon I heard both sides firing rifle and machine guns without one moment's cessation and with the utmost ferocity. I climbed Samson's Ridge, which was then cleared and dropped down on the sheltered side of the sky-line beside our Colonel who had a flesh wound in the leg, which he was trying to ignore. But a little later he was carried back. The wounded had been removed, but just behind me there were four men, and one in front, stone dead. I tried to compose their scattered limbs, then placed their helmets over their faces. After that, being very hungry, I rummaged out my tin of sardines and lunched. Our Major had been left behind, two of our 4 Company Commanders were dead or dying, our Adjutant was shot through the brain (a son of Gen. Wilson,—the 3rd he has lost in the War), worst of all, our telephone wires were disconnected. The 2/10 Middlesex on our right were getting it even hotter than we were, and away to the east of Gaza other Divisions were heavily en-

gaged. But, though there was a lull for us, our position all that afternoon was a very anxious one, with a young Lieutenant in virtual command and a great gap on our left through which the enemy, had he known it, might easily envelope us. Later the Brigadier rode up, and an experienced Major from another Battalion was sent to our great relief and benefit. Meanwhile bullets were whistling over our heads and occasionally shells were cropping around us. I shall never forget the deeds of heroism I witnessed. Away to our right, on an Observation Hill where the fight had been fiercest, I could see the wounded brandishing their arms to us, at sunset, I organized a party to fetch them in. "Well, boy, how long have you been there?" "Since 11 o'clock this morning." "Where are you hit?" "Still bleeding?" "No." "I see, your clothes are clotted dry." "Now I promise you, on my soul, I shall be back to fetch you in an hours time, so keep up your courage."

It was an anxious search in the dark, but by 2 a. m. we had collected them. By 3 we saw the last of them off, the worst in carts—the rest strapped on camels. At that time a reserve Battalion was silently moving in to replace us. At 4 we moved off, and fell back some 3 miles here.

That (Friday) evening a Burial Party of 60 went out at sun-set and I took direction of it. A spot had been selected at the foot of Samson's Ridge, and there the dead were collected. A large pit had been opened by another Battalion in which 14 bodies were laid just as they fell. I made our men open separate graves, and then set out with a stretcher party. It was a gruesome business to find dead men in the dark, cut away their accoutrements, collect and tabulate their money, etc., etc., then carry them down the hill. ALL so silently, for we were only 500 yards from the enemy, who fired in the dark, on any noise or movement. As I was the only Chaplain present, I was asked again and again to read the funeral service over various groups. In all, I buried 32 that night.

Returning through a narrow gorge where our men had been enfiladed the previous day, we were fired on by the Turks who turned a machine gun on us. But we all got safe back under cover of the darkness. I am afraid all this is very egotistical, but I can only narrate my own small experiences. In a battle, perspective is impossible. I find it a great labor to write under present circumstances, so would you send this on to M.? Best love, dearest, from BERNARD.

(To be continued)

The Ups And Downs Of Karl.

CHAPTER XXXIV: THE KNIGHT'S BANQUET.

'Bijah Harrington's will was one of those documents which might be denominated "unique". The evening of his death he called for Father Stanton and insisted on Father Stanton taking possession of his wooden leg. The Sisters searched high and low through the Infirmary, and at last found a wooden box in which the leg was placed; and Father Stanton took it home with him and deposited it in his clothes-closet. The will was to be opened and read on the day following 'Bijah's death, which was accordingly done. The provisions which concern this narrative were the following:

No. 4. I hereby, out of gratitude to Mr. Terence Maloney for his benefactions and many acts of kindness to me, will and bequeath to William Tecumseh Maloney, his son, the lot 50 ft. on Broad St. extending 150 ft. to the alley to have and to hold, etc., etc.

No. 5. I likewise, out of gratitude to the same, will and bequeath to Grace Maloney, his daughter, my wooden leg, to have and to hold, etc., etc.

No. 6. I hereby set aside \$500 to provide a hearse with six white horses for my funeral, and to pay the Pulaski Regimental Band of 30 pieces to provide solemn music at my obsequies.

No. 7. If there should be any money over and above, after defraying the expenses mentioned above in No. 6, I direct that the same shall be expended in the erection of a simple headstone over my grave.

The Maloney family was completely non-plussed when they heard the provisions of the will, and Grace was positively indignant. What could a young lady do with a man's wooden leg? Was old 'Bijah Harrington poking fun at her? It really seemed so. And Willie now had the upper hand of Grace, and you may be sure he lost no opportunity. He teased her unmercifully. Many beautiful editorials were written in the papers on "'Bijah's Gratitude", and the will as a document was held up as one of those freak-wills of which history records so many. 'Bijah's funeral was quite a solemn affair and attracted a large crowd. "Pulaski Post C. V." turned out in full strength, clad in their finest regalia, with flying banners. Father Stanton sang the High Mass of Requiem, and Father Horrell preached an exquisite

sermon on "The Mercy of God". Boggs, by some hook or crook, had obtained the six white horses, and they say, there was never before or since such an imposing funeral display. Old Mr. Sears chuckled: "By gum, ole 'Bijah's got them Masons and Templars beat by twenty lengths. Durn ef he aint." The "Regimental Band" quite outdid itself. Of course, the Maloneys turned out in full force, as in duty bound, and they say that the cortege stretched out over a mile. When all was over, Grace met some of her girl friends, and didn't she get a chaffing about that wooden leg? She took it all in good part, though, and smiled and smiled.

"What do you intend to do with it?" said one.

"Oh!" replied Grace smiling, "I'll put it in a glass case and hang it up in the parlor."

That evening after supper, when the family was all gathered on the front porch, Father Stanton came and with him one of the school-boys carrying a box.

"Miss Grace, I've brought you your wooden leg," said Father Stanton laughing, as the little boy puffing and perspiring dropped the box to the floor. Grace blushed, and all present laughed heartily.

"Now, I've done my part," said Father Stanton seating himself, "I've delivered the goods, and my responsibility ceases. I won't ask you for a receipt, for, I think, I have witnesses enough."

"The papers are full of that wooden leg", said Patrick.

"Well," said Mr. Maloney, "since there's so much fuss about it, let's get a good look at it. Willie, get it out of the box." Willie unlocked the padlock and dropped it on the floor. Then, lifting the cover of the box, he, after some effort, for it was fitted on pretty tightly, lifted it out.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Maloney, taking it, "poor 'Bijah must have had a time of it toting that incumbrance 'round with him. Just feel how heavy it is," passing it on to Mr. Maloney, who scrutinized it closely.

"Indeed, poor fellow," he said, "he carried his cross on his leg."

"Anyway," said Catherine, "if he had his Calvary, he also found his Thabor."

"True for you," put in Father Stanton, "he won the prize without running the race." Each had some comment to make as they examined it.

"Here," said Patrick as he handed it to Grace, "I wish you all joy of it. When do you intend to hang it up in the parlor?"

"O," replied Grace smiling, "I must have a glass case made for it first."

"At least," snapped Anne, "it represents a Southern soldier's devotion to the 'lost cause', and as such, I reverence it."

"True," said Mr. Maloney, bowing his head, "it is a relic of the Confederacy, and as such we will take good care of it."

"Le's see," said Willie, taking it from Grace, "how I'd look in a wooden leg," and before anyone realized what he was about, he had bent his right knee and strapped on the leg, and went hobbling about the porch in a very ludicrous manner.

"My son," said Mrs. Maloney gently, "don't do that. Take it off and replace it in the box. What your father said is true. It's a relic of the 'lost cause'. Willie hastened to comply, and in doing so the leg dropped from his hands and went rolling along the floor, and lo and behold a little lid that closed the top flew open and several golden coins went jingling across the porch.

"Look!" exclaimed Willie, "it's full of money!" and dropping on his knees he gathered the coins and held them towards his mother. "Look, Mother! They're twenty-dollar gold pieces!"

"Well, did you ever!" said Mrs. Maloney, "Poor 'Bijah, who'd a thought it? Here Grace!" Grace stood looking at her mother and the tears came into her eyes. She turned and hastily disappeared.

"Come, Father Stanton," said Mr. Maloney rising, "you and Patrick come with me into the library, and we'll examine it," and the three of them went in. For quite a while there was the clink of golden coins. At last they came out.

"Do you know how much money was in that leg?" said Mr. Maloney. "Two hundred and fifty twenty-dollar gold pieces—Five thousand dollars." A silence fell over the group, and Patrick gave a long, low whistle.

"I'll go home now," said Father Stanton rising, "with the consciousness of a mission well performed. Where is Grace?" Grace came timidly forward from the hallway. "Miss Grace," he continued, "I congratulate you, and I hope you'll make a good use of your legacy."

"Poor 'Bijah shall get the first fruits," murmured Grace. "Please begin tomorrow morning and say twenty Holy Masses for the re-

pose of his soul. Who would ever have dreamed of such a thing, that 'Bijah Harrington could have saved so much money?"

"That I will," said Father Stanton, turning away.

The next day the papers rang with a fresh crop of editorials, but the joke seemed to have died out of the wooden leg.

Joe Gogarty could scarcely believe his eyes, when he scanned the morning paper, and after his breakfast he pitched on his coat and sauntered down to the Sheriff's office.

"Did you read this?" he said to his brother, pointing to the startling headlines.

"I should say so," replied John laughing. "Now you have a double prize to strive for."

"Yes," said Joe, "the filthy lucre will come in handy enough. Need it for house-furnishing and all such things."

"Go to it, then my boy, and capture both prizes at once," said John with a little snicker. "By the way, how's the Dutchman getting along?"

Joe shot a quick glance at his brother, and seeing only a friendly interest in his eyes he replied with some heat: "I think I've spiked his gun at last."

"How?" said John straightening up.

"Well," answered Joe, grinning, "a dapper little fellow from Oil-town, Texas, asked me yesterday to buy stocks in some oil-land he owns in Texas; but I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. These fellows walk off with your money and yet you hold the bag. Nothing doing, I told him, but just then an inspiration came from on high.

"Or rather from on low," broke in the Sheriff laughing. Joe ignored the interruption and went on:

"So, I told him I knew a man with plenty of ready cash, and I sent him to Karl Schneiderhahn and don't you know that fool Dutchman blows himself in for \$10,000.00 worth of stock, everything he had in the world except the goods on his shelves. He's soaked, that's certain."

"You don't say," ejaculated John. "I didn't think he was such a mutt!"

"Say, what's in that fancy envelope lying there?" said Joe pointing.

"O, that," answered John, showing his white teeth in a self-satisfied smile, "just a card for the K. C. Banquet next Thursday night."

"O, I know," said Joe, "I have one too, but I'm not going."

"A strictly stag-affair," continued John. "They're going to have a big initiation—all the big guns are to be here—the Chancellor of the Diocese has a toast—and I am to make a speech, to, the Sheriff, you know—they sent a special committee after me—they're proud of having the Sheriff on their roster," and John beamed on his brother quite patronizingly.

"Sheriff, the devil!" blurted Joe bitterly. "I suppose you'll be at the head-table with the priests—and notables—and I—I'll be down in the nigger-heaven near the door." The tone in which this was said so contemptuous and bitter angered the Sheriff who flushed and retorted hotly:

"Where else should a sawbones like you be, if not near the door?"

Joe glared at his brother. "Sawbones! sawbones!! I belong to an honorable profession, but you, your the synonym for the most contemptible creature on earth, in the eyes of the Southern people—a *Carpetbagger*."

"You're just as much of a carpetbagger as I am," flying back John, "we came on the same train."

"Shut up, you contemptible jackass, I'd cut my throat before I'd go around sucking for niggers' votes," shot Joe.

"You don't say," said the Sheriff witheringly, "but I'd have you know that if I am a jackass, you're my brother. And if you refer to the election, let me remind you that I was not elected by niggers' votes, but by the ballots of the most respectable people of these parts."

"Yes, because you're an arch-hypocrite, running a low saloon while posing as a temperance reformer." John sprang to his feet, his face livid with rage, and made a stride towards his brother, who adroitly dodged behind the long table.

"I don't want to break the law as Sheriff," he hissed, "or I'd knock every tooth you've got down your throat."

Joe grabbed for his hat, and as he backed towards the door he drawled slowly, in a low voice through his teeth: "Your day is coming when you will be unmasked. You're rapidly reaching the end of your rope. And you'd better thank your stars if it isn't a *noose*."

This was too much for John, for the vision of a noose was not pleasant, and reaching for a large paper-weight he hurled it with all his force at his brother. But he, anticipating something of the sort, had vanished, and the closing door got the weight with a frightful crash, which brought all the clerks running. The panel of the door

was split, and the weight broken into a thousand bits lay scattered everywhere.

"It's nothing," said John coolly. "I just forgot myself and threw my paper-weight at a big spider crawling across the door."

Dr. Joe Gogarty went tramping to the Infirmary, his face like a thundercloud and his heart full of bitter and jealous anger, and throwing off his coat he sat in his chair listlessly looking through the large window at the blue sky beyond. But there was an ugly furrow down his forehead—his eyes like a thundercloud looked ominous with pent-up lightnings. Finally he brought his fist with a bang down on the desk and muttered to himself: "Yes, I'll make up my mind and go to the banquet."

For several months, preparations had been making for this meeting of Pulaski's Council K. C. The Council had had a phenomenal growth since its inception, and already numbered more than 200 of the best and most efficient men of Father Horrell's congregation. A live committee had charge of the arrangements, and a degree-team from Savannah was to conduct the initiation of about 40 new members.

On Thursday morning at 8 o'clock there was a Solemn High Mass at which all the members approached the Holy Table, then breakfast in the School-hall. The day was spent in sight-seeing and various forms of entertainments for the visitors. But the great event and the one for which special preparation had been made was the grand banquet at 8 o'clock in the evening. The Turners' large hall had been hired for this occasion. Karl, who had joined the Knights shortly after his reception into the Church, was the Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, and for some days he had been busy with menus, decorations, table arrangements and entertainment program. The hall, in pure white, was surrounded on three sides by noble Corinthian pillars. A large stage occupied one end. A magnificent circle of electric lamps hung in the middle of the ceiling, and a smaller circle at each corner. The four large spaces of the ceiling were taken up with four splendid paintings of battles of the "Civil War". The drop-curtain of the stage represented "Lee's Surrender". The coloring of these five pictures was exceedingly delicate and hardly anyone ever visited Pulaski without going to see them. For this occasion the beautiful columns had been festooned with garlands of flowers and evergreens, and all the best equipment of the Turner Club had been pressed into service. The finest orchestra of the city was to occupy

the stage, and after the Banquet a short but choice entertainment was to be given. The responses to the Toasts were limited to seven minutes. The tables set for 300 were tastefully decorated and arranged in the form of an E, the main table for the speakers and notables being near the stage. Father Masters, the Chancellor and State-Chaplain, presided and spoke on "Our Bishop". He also acted as Toastmaster. It was understood that all the participants would wear evening dress.

About 7:30 P. M. the crowd began to drift in, and there was soon a hum of conversation as little knots gathered here and there, and at 8 sharp the first strains of the orchestra could be heard as Karl and his committee began ushering the members to their places. Everything went along swimmingly without a hitch. Father Masters' speech was splendid. Father Horrell's response to "The Pope" was all that could be desired. The Mayor responded to "Our City". Lawyer Liscombe eulogized "The U. S. Home of Liberty". Grand Knight Doolley spoke on "Our Order in Opportunities". At last Sheriff, John Gogarty, rose to his feet and wiping his mouth with his napkin, began to reply to the Toast: "Brandywine County, the Exemplification of Law and Order". Whatever thoughts John Gogarty had marshalled to respond to this toast I know not, but Father Masters in proposing the Toast had made some facetious and witty remarks about *brandy* and *wine*, and had lauded the efforts of the Sheriff in the enforcement of prohibition, thus turning the tide of thought in the direction of that burning question. So, nolens volens, John began speaking about Prohibition, its many advantages, etc., and especially the general improvement in good behavior since the limination of saloons, etc. Indeed, he waxed quite eloquent and overran his time, so engrossed was he in his subject. He was just in the midst of a fine climax, when, as his glance swept the audience it caught the glittering eye of his brother, Joe, facing him, seated at the end of the middle limb of the E, nearest the door, in faultless evening dress. The look on the Doctor's face was not pleasant to behold. A peculiar malevolent smile irradiated his countenance and a look of suppressed excitement. I'm free to say that before coming to the Banquet he had taken several drinks of something stronger than water. The Sheriff finished in a storm of applause, and he had no sooner taken his seat, than his brother was on his feet. He swayed back and forth for an instant, then taking up his chair he set it down noisily before him.

Every eye was turned towards him in surprise, because he was not on the program. Propping himself on the back of the chair he steadied himself and leaned forward, raising his voice in no uncertain tones.

"Rev. Toastmaster," he said, "pr'aps I ought' pol'gise f'r mak'n speech 'n thish 'casion." A broad grin spread over the faces of the younger element, and consternation and surprise among the officers. Sheriff Gogartys face was a study; anger, shame, fear and pride struggling for the mastery. He affected a nonchalance he was far from feeling.

"I shimplly wish t' 'ndorsh the sent'ments expreshed by my brother, Sher'f of Brand'wine County. The shloons 'r gone thash true, ev'n 'Mike's Place' which was owned by *him*", pointing a finger at the Sheriff who was as red as a turkey-gobbler, "An Pro'bition ish 'n 'complished fact. But we k'n get the booshe all same (hic). He told me I could get all booshe I want. Pro'bishum 'r no Pro'bishum. But th' wom'n shpoiled ev'rything. Pitsched th' whole thing in th' sewer (hic). What's th' odds? 'm goin' to marry Grace Maloney any how." Cries of "put him out, put him out" came from all parts of the hall. Mr. Maloney was on his feet, his eyes blazing. But Patrick who sat not far from Joe Gogarty, sprang to his feet on hearing his sister's name mentioned and in three strides he reached Joe Gogarty. Taking him by the back of the collar, he walked him spanish to the door and giving him a kick sent him sprawling down the front steps.

"Hands off!" cried the Sheriff, "he's my brother, anyway. I'll take care of him. He's crazy," and striding down the length of the hall amid the snickers of the crowd, he vanished after his brother. The last seen of the two they were speeding in a Ford towards the Sheriff's office. About two hours later, a sealed note was delivered to John Gogarty: "Fly at once. All is discovered. Talk of lynching. —A Friend."

At midnight the little Ford owned by John Gogarty started from the door of the Sheriff's office and by daylight the Gogarty brothers were 100 miles from Pulaski and still going.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued)

Patches are honorable on the knees of a man's pants. Patches on the seat of a man's pants are not so much so. Patched-up thinking is a disgrace to any man.

Catholic Anecdotes

A GIFT FROM OUR LADY

One winter day, some years ago, an English tourist was tramping through a poor district of Connemara. He passed the church. In the church yard he saw an old woman praying before the statue of the Blessed Virgin. Of a kindly disposition, he stopped and asked the old woman why she was praying to the image.

"Sure, your honor, I'm not praying to the image; I'm praying to the Mother of God, and asking her to help me in my distress, for if I don't have ten shillings for the agent on Monday morning I'll be turned out of my little cabin on the road."

The gentleman put his hand in his pocket and handed her a half-sovereign, saying: "Here is the ten shillings you want. Go home, and give up your superstition. You might pray forever to that statue before it would give you ten shillings."

Next day he passed by the same place, and saw the old woman in the same position and occupation.

"What are you doing here now?" he said, indignantly.

"I'm thanking the Blessed Mother for answering my prayer and helping me in my distress."

"But She did not help you—I gave you the money!"

"To be sure you did, your honor, but it was Her that put the thought into your good, kind heart. God bless you!"—*Exchange.*

A FAIR STREET SWEEPER

Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the noted English Catholic authoress was coming home from Mass one morning when she saw an Irishman at work sweeping the crossing of the street. It was a Sunday morning. She knew the man, that he was a Catholic and realized that he could not have been at Mass as yet and that there was only one more chance. So she accosted him.

"Have you been at Mass this morning, Pat?"

Evasion was impossible—so he had recourse to excuses.

"How could I leave the crossing on this, the first muddy morning of the season—and miss the coppers that the people give me for keeping the way to church clean?"

"Hand over your broom!" said Lady Fullerton promptly and peremptorily. "I have heard Mass already this morning. You go to church and I shall sweep the crossing and take the half-pence for you."

The lady was as good as her word. The crossing was duly swept and Pat saved his conscience and his coppers into the bargain.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM

It is a custom in many schools in France for children to count their daily voluntary privations with grains of wheat; and these grains, ground and kneaded and baked by themselves, are transferred into the Sacred Bread of the altar, which they receive in Holy Communion. They receive thus, with the Body of the Lord, the fruit of their own labor, a double blessing, which extends through their future lives.—*Catholic Monthly*.

TOM PAINE'S DEATH

Rt. Rev. Benedict Joseph Fenwick, S. J., was the second Bishop of Boston. One of the most interesting events in his life, a summary of which is found in Murray's History of the Church in the United States, was his visit to Tom Paine, the famous infidel philosopher. Father Kohlman, S. J., accompanied him.

"A short time before Paine died," wrote Father Fenwick to his brother, "I was sent for by him. He was prompted to this by a poor Catholic woman who went to see him in his sickness, and who told him among other things, that in his wretched condition, if anyone could help him, it would be the Catholic priest."

The two Jesuits went to Paine's residence. The housekeeper met them at the door and informed them that Paine was asleep.

"He is always in bad humor," she added, "when roused from his sleep,—it's better to wait a little till he be awake."

They quietly sat down and resolved to wait. The woman at some length described the miseries of the infidel philosopher.

"When alone," she related, "he would cry: 'O Lord, help me!'

Or again: 'God help me!' Then shortly after: 'But there is no God!' And again a little after: 'Yet if there should be, what will become of me hereafter?' In his agony and terror he cries for someone to come near him: 'Send even a child to stay with me,' he moans, 'for it is hell to be alone!'

At last Paine awoke, and the priests were shown into his room. "A more wretched being in appearance," writes Father Fenwick, "I never before saw.

They were unable to do anything for him. Father Kohlman began to speak to him kindly, but Paine interrupted him.

"I wish to hear no more from you, sirs. I look upon the whole of the Christian scheme to be a tissue of absurdities and lies and Jesus Christ to be nothing more than a cunning knave and impostor."

A short time after, Paine expired in the anguish of despair.

THE TALISMAN

William Gaston, LL.D., one of America's most famous jurists, was Judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina from 1833-1844. He was a devout Catholic. In his life we read the following account:

When young Gaston was about eight years old, even then remarkable for his cleverness, a schoolmate who was rather dull said to him:

"William, why is it that you are always at the head of the class and I am always at the foot?"

"There's a reason," replied William wisely; "but if I tell you, you must promise to keep it secret and do as I do."

The dull boy agreed and promised.

"Whenever I take up my book to study," little William explained then, "I first say a little prayer my mother taught me, that I may be able to learn my lesson." He then tried to make the dull boy memorize the prayer, but failing, promised to write it out for him at home. That night, wishing to keep his action secret, William got into a corner and wrote the prayer for Tommy. His mother noticed him, and because she would never, on principle, have the children conceal anything from her, bade him tell what he was doing. She had only words of praise and encouragement for him when he confessed his act of charity.

Pointed Paragraphs

HANDS UP!

The screws have been put to *THE LIGUORIAN* at last. We have been trying to tide over the hard times to the tune of one good old dollar.

Twice the price of paper and print was raised on us,—a considerable amount each time. We did not wince. Friends told us to raise: *THE LIGUORIAN* is worth it. We would not be flattered.

But a third raise,—unmerciful it is,—bringing the cost of publication to more than double the original, makes us simply unable to continue at the old price.

The subscription price henceforth is \$2.00 per year; Canada and Foreign, \$2.25. The price of single copies, 20 cents.

THE CATHOLIC PRAYER

The Rosary is the Catholic prayer in a remarkable way.

It is a prayer for every person. The Pope in his prison on the Vatican, and the Breton fisherwoman, the proverbial example of utter simplicity; Windhorst facing Bismarck in the German Reichstag, the great Daniel O'Connell under the colonades of the English Parliament, and our own Senator McKenna from Maryland on the B. and O. train; the dear old granny that can no longer read even her heavy-print prayer-book; the innocent child going up to her First Holy Communion; the soldier boys in the trenches in the face of war's hell; priests and religious and lay-people; learned and unlettered;—all pray and prize their rosary.

It is a prayer for every season. Christmas blends with the joyous mysteries; Lent with the sorrowful mysteries; Easter with the glorious mysteries. As the ecclesiastical year unrolls before our eyes the scenes of Our Lord's life, so the rosary also takes you to Nazareth and Bethlehem, down through the gloom of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday, into the glory of Easter and Heaven.

It is a prayer for every need. Do I need more prayer in my life? How I can pray for it when I see Our Lord on His knees in the Garden of Gethsemane! Do I need more conformity with God's Will? How I can pray for it with Our Lady confronting the Angel with her glorious words: Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Do I need patience in my daily work? How I can pray for it at sight of Our Lady going to serve Elizabeth in her household duties. And if there is any grace I need, can I expect it more confidently than if I place with my request, at the feet of Jesus and Mary, a garland of roses renewing the sweet memories of their life on earth?

It is a prayer for every mood. Happy or penitent or hopeful: the mysteries of the rosary correspond. Recollected, or fresh from the distracting labors of the day, or torn by life's worries: in the combination of beads, vocal prayers, and meditation, I can find food for the loftiest meditation and sensible aids to raise and fasten my thoughts on God.

It is a prayer for every time. Someone has called it "a pocket chapel". It is true. We can always carry it with us, and quietly fingering it, we can be in the presence of God.

OCTOBER BEAUTIES

June is the month of roses. But October is beautiful among the months of the year, because it too brings a harvest of roses unsurpassed by the glory of June: roses red with love and suffering, white with joy, golden with the glory of heaven. For each night, from thousands of churches, chapels and homes the rosary will be woven for Our Queen and her divine Son.

Be sure that each night your Crown for Our Queen will be laid at her feet.

FIFTY EVENTFUL YEARS

It will be fifty years this December that Pope Pius IX declared St. Joseph patron of the Universal Church. Our Holy Father, Benedict XV, calling attention to the fact and expressing his wish that special celebrations in honor of St. Joseph should take place, is led

to comment on the conditions of the world. He sees all the good that was accomplished but cannot fail to call attention, with sorrow, to the grievous evils afflicting the people.

He deplores in particular, "that *Naturalism*, the great plague of the age, which, wherever it has gained ground, it has weakened the desire for heavenly things, has quenched the fire of divine love, has withdrawn man from the influence of the healing and uplifting grace of Christ, and, deprived of the light of faith and abandoned to the weakened and perverted powers of his nature, has left him a prey to the unchecked caprices and passions of his heart. Too many, already had their attention centered entirely on perishable things; the most obstinate rivalry and quarrels existed between rich and poor; then came the war, long and terrible, increasing the mutual enmity of the classes,—especially since it has brought on the one hand, an intolerably high cost of living to the great crowds and on the other, immense wealth to the few."

Another evil to which he calls attention is that phase of the "social question"—the sanctity of the marriage-bond and paternal authority. The ravages of the war were great, but its baneful influence is in this regard more deplorable than all because more fatal in its consequences to the good of mankind and souls. We need not look far to see it—our daily papers are evidence of it—they reek with it—and the odor is sickening, morally.

For this reason, Our Holy Father, bids all Christian people to take as their patron and model, St. Joseph. All the more, because, as he notes, devotion to St. Joseph will increase devotion to the whole Family of Nazareth; for, "from Joseph we are led directly to Mary, and through Mary to the fountain of all sanctity, Jesus, who hallowed all domestic virtues by His own obedience to Jesus and Mary. To the images of these supreme models of virtue let all Christian families be renewed and confirmed."

Finally, he wishes that public devotions be held in St. Joseph's honor, that the month of March and the Wednesdays of every week be dedicated to him and that the pious sodalities whose purpose is to pray to St. Joseph as patron of a good death, be spread.

It was a beautiful thought of Leo XIII's to unite St. Joseph to Our Lady in the October devotions.

THE VOICE OF THE WATCHMAN

In a pastoral letter dated August 25, the Archbishop of Dubuque deplores the dearth of vocations to the holy priesthood and teaching sisterhoods and urges everyone in the archdiocese to help along the good cause. Among the many striking passages of this admirable Pastoral occur the following:

"The number of candidates to the priesthood and the teaching sisterhoods is steadily decreasing while the needs grow. This decrease is causing alarm throughout the world. It moved the Holy Father to issue recently a call to priests and faithful everywhere to devote themselves in earnest prayer and persevering activity to promote and help to maturity vocations to the ecclesiastical state and to the religious life."

Again his Grace says: "Apathy in encouraging vocations to the priesthood will seem all the more strange when you reflect that our holy religion is essentially sacerdotal and that the priesthood is necessary to its life and mission. For it is through His duly ordained priests that Christ, the Incarnate God, continues to exercise His sacerdotal functions in His Church. The priest is the agent of Christ, the Eternal High-Priest, to dispense His grace, His truth and life. Of what avail, then, will all our other religious activities be, if we fail to provide priests? Splendid church edifices, for instance, can be but dead monuments if there be wanting priests to bring to their altars the merciful Saviour in Sacrifice and Sacraments and to their pulpits the words of saving truth?"

FINDING THE CAUSE

The Archbishop of Dubuque, in the same Pastoral letter we quote from above gives what he considers the dearth of vocations of the priesthood and sisterhood. It may suggest to priests and parents what remedies might be employed.

"In an age like ours whose prevailing principles are so diametrically opposed to the teachings of our Christian Faith, religion would suffer appallingly without Catholic schools. And yet how little is done for the promotion of vocations to our teaching sisterhoods!

Many a gifted girl but needs to be shown the beauty and worth of the religious life and the merit of teaching others the way of salvation to kindle in her soul the desire for that lifework."

"Alas!" concludes the Archbishop, "the world never appealed so mightily to the imagination and heart of the young as it does today. It has never held out such inducements to gain. Its pleasures, its business, its projects, its current history were never made to appear more interesting and fascinating. In a word, the environment of our young boys and girls, and the influences that go to shape their lives, are predominantly such as to make for selfish worldly-mindedness. The heroism which is associated with a vocation to give up all things for Christ and His ministry of saving souls, finds only too few advocates among the familiar associates of our youth. In view of these sad conditions how important is it not that we give to the boys and girls who show signs of a priestly and religious vocation every encouragement in our power to help them enter the sanctuary or the convent!"

OH, FOR THE SIX-HOUR DAY!

"A most welcome invention would be one whereby we should be enabled to do our work without effort—without even thinking of what we are doing. The devil has made this invention for his agents. It consists of certain up-to-date styles in dress. A woman need only adopt the more indelicate of these styles, and then she does the devil's work without any further effort on her part. She secures souls for the devil wherever she goes,—on the street, in the home, even in the house of God."

WHEN THE HONEYMOON ENDS

When does the honeymoon end? That is one of the questions which has been discussed for ages. It would be presumptuous, perhaps, for us to try to settle it, but just the same we have a strong suspicion that it's just about the time when she hears him coming outside the door, she rushes to hurry up the supper instead of running to the door to meet him.

Catholic Events

The Holy Father extended a most fatherly welcome to the Knights of Columbus pilgrimage which arrived in Rome August 27th. Supreme Knight Flaherty read an address, whereupon the Holy Father replied with words of praise and encouragement, pointing out to them also lines along which they might do good work. He asked their aid in particular to counteract the miserable work of the American Methodist Mission in Rome itself. * * *

The character of the Methodist workers in Rome may be deduced from the following quotation from one of their publications: "Universal Methodism has found in Italy the most excellent opportunity of knowing the evil arts, the frauds, the frightful efficacy of error, the horrible miracles of lying, of the great enemy of Christ, the Vatican. Instead of being a more or less genuine form of Christianity, Popery is the most abominable negation of the principles of the Gospel. If the evangelical churches want to fulfil their mission, they must strenuously combat the fatal heresy of Roman Catholicism . . . the Protestant legions must gather all their energies and assail Popery in its citadel, Rome."

Could anything be more vile and insulting than this? * * *

One sentence in Supreme Knight Flaherty's address must have been very consoling to our Holy Father,—and it might be emblazoned on the walls of every Council Hall: "We Knights of Columbus will follow you, Holy Father, where you lead. Your cause is our cause; your weal or woe means joy or sorrow for us". * * *

Turkey will send a minister to the Vatican. The step was taken on the Sultan's own initiative, as a mark of gratitude for the aid which the Pope gave, financially and otherwise, to Turkish war prisoners during the late war. * * *

Dr. Margaret Lamont, B. S., M. D., a Scotch convert who has been engaged in missionary work for about 20 years, is now in London endeavoring to organize a sort of third order among medical men and women for Catholic missions in India, China and Africa.

The need of lay helpers on the missions was discussed in this country also at the recent Students' Mission Crusade; and several missionaries have written back from "the front" urging the same point, by comparison with the work of Protestant missions. * * *

Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, who figured so nobly through the war, died suddenly Sunday, Aug. 29. He was 70 years old. His last public appearance was his reception of the Knights of Columbus only a few days before.

A delegation of women, including 200 members of the Brussels and Antwerp Christian Society, were received by Cardinal Mercier, to present a protest bearing 1,027 signatures, against the present day fashions and falling off in morals. The resolutions contained in the protest ought to be adopted by all Catholic women.

* * *

A sensation somewhat similar to that caused in America by the conversion of Bishop Kinsman, has been produced in Australia by Bishop Halford, a suffragan of the Protestant Archbishop of Brisbane, who resigned his see, not indeed to become a convert to the Catholic Church, but "to renounce all and live a life of poverty for Jesus' sake". The lack of self-sacrifice in the Anglican Church, "its inability to produce in any large measure the highest saints, or to move its sons and daughters to give up everything without reserve for the love of Jesus",—realization, therefore, that the true Church of Christ must produce Religious Orders,—is what moved him to this step.

* * *

According to the London Express, Mr. Balfour, on his recent visit to the Pope tried to secure his intervention against Sinn Fein. He asked the Pope two categorical questions: "1. Would the Pope denounce all incitements to disturbances in Ireland; 2. Would he appoint to vacant bishoprics himself, instead of letting the choice to the diocesan clergy." To both, says the London paper, the Pope replied in the negative and negotiations were dropped at once. It is well to remember, however, the nature of Associated Press reports about the Holy Father.

* * *

Outdoor meetings have been maintained by the English Catholic Evidence Guild throughout the winter and summer in a number of places both within London and farther afield. Thus week by week tens of thousands of persons, who otherwise probably would never give the subject a thought, listen attentively to Catholic teaching.

* * *

Rev. Peter Guilday, secretary of the American Catholic Historical Society, is bringing back from Europe a complete set of the Reports of the Leopoldine Association of Austria. The Association was founded in Vienna in 1829 for the purpose of assisting the Catholic Missions in the United States and will bring abundant evidence of the great debt American Catholics and American culture owes to Austria. The Reports are a gift of the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna to the Catholic University.

* * *

The Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Council is preparing a directory of Catholic Schools. This publication will meet an urgent need. By bringing together in a handy volume the facts concerning Catholic Schools and Colleges, it will present a fairer idea of the Catholic educational system than is now obtainable from any other source. It will show where the different schools are located and what courses are given in each.

The Interchurch Movement's Report was recently published in two volumes. In it is also a report of Hospital Service, in which it is forced to compliment Catholics. According to its statistics, the various Protestant denominations, with a membership of 25,000,000, have furnished service for only 43 per cent of their adherents; whereas Catholics have institutions with bed capacity not only for the 17,549,324 of the Faith, but also for an additional 6 per cent of the whole non-Catholic population of the country.

* * *

The same report of the Interchurch Movement also brings a brilliant confirmation of our Catholic principles on religion in education. It says: "If you would point to the weakest spot in the Protestant Church you would put your finger on the army of 27,000,000 children and youth in our own land who are growing up in spiritual illiteracy, and 16,000,000 other American Protestant children whose religious instruction is limited to a brief hour once a week, often sandwiched in between a belated preaching service and the American Sunday dinner."

* * *

Just two little events from recent school news: 1) The University of Pennsylvania offered 20 scholarships to the graduates of the high-schools of Philadelphia. There were 80 candidates, of whom 62 were from the public schools, and 18 from the Catholic. Result: of the 62 public school pupils 12 captured prizes, and of the 18 Catholics 8. Figure that out in percentage and draw the inference. 2) The St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, offered 6 prizes to the writers of the 6 best papers in the schools, public and private in the city. Result: 5 prizes went to Catholic school pupils, and the 6th to an Irish high-school lad, who probably had his grade schooling in one of those "backward and unpatriotic" Catholic schools!

Then look at this. The August, 1920, number of "The Builder", "A Journal for the Masonic Student", published by the "National Masonic Research Society", on page 216 publishes the resolutions of the "Committee on Patriotic Service of the Grand Lodge of North Dakota" Resolution 3d reads: "We much prefer the elimination of the private and parochial schools, since the one makes for class distinctions and the other for religious intolerance; but if such elimination is found inexpedient at this time, we recommend that such schools be under close supervision of the public schools of the State, and that they be compelled to maintain the same standards required of the public schools." In the light of the preceding, might we not ask the public schools to come up to the standards of the parochial schools? And take a look at our "friends" the Masons!

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Members of the League of Catholic Women of the diocese of Boston have purchased a handsome and commodious club house which will be an educational and recreational center for all Catholic women in the vicinity. Lecture courses and instruction in domestic science and dressmaking will be a feature.

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Are not the hunger-strikers in Ireland committing suicide?

We shall give the principles affecting this case and their application.

I. Principles. 1. Suicide is the direct killing of oneself and is forbidden by the Fifth Commandment. It would be mortally sinful to do or omit anything with a view of causing one's own death, for man is not the author of his life, but God is, and God has reserved the ownership of human life to Himself.

2. However, according to Catholic principles of morality, it is not unlawful to do something, which will cause one's own death, provided that the action has some other immediate and good effect of great importance, which counterbalances the loss of human life, as long as this loss of human life is only permitted and not intended.

No one has ever considered it suicide or an attempt at suicide for Hobson and his men to sink the Merrimac at the entrance of Santiago bay, although he foresaw that his action would most probably cause his own death and that of his men. He did not intend to kill himself or his followers; the immediate effect of his action was to bottle up the fleet of Cervera, and this public advantage counterbalanced the risk of almost certain death.

II. Application of the principles. We do not know, but no doubt the hunger-strikers in Ireland justify their action by some such principle as the second one quoted above.

Their death, should it result, they do not intend; in fact they ardently desire just the opposite, that the government relent and acknowledge the principle, for which they are fighting.

But what is the good, that counterbalances the loss of their life? It is quite evident, that without such a good, their action would be unlawful. The good in their eyes is the furtherance of love of country, patriotism. These hunger-strikers look upon their imprisonment as unjust, they therefore wish to protest against it. The most efficient protest in their eyes is the hunger-

strike. The national issue, which is at stake will be greatly benefited by their protest, whilst on the other hand it would be seriously compromised by even an apparent admission of guilt on their part, and the taking of food in the circumstances would be an apparent admission of guilt.

III. Moreover these hunger-strikers certainly can entertain a reasonable and well-grounded hope, that before death actually takes place a humane and civilized government will concede the principle, for which they are hunger-striking. There is a sufficient foundation for this hope, for hunger-strikers in the past have seldom or never been allowed to die, the government itself seems to be divided in the policy to be adopted, the King of England would like to free them, the cabinet is not united on the issue, the Labor element in England has issued a protest, the whole civilized world is interested, and pressure has been brought upon the government from many sources to release the hunger-strikers.

Hence they are only exposing themselves to the danger of death, and it is conceded by all, that a person is allowed to expose himself to the danger of death, when there is a sufficient reason to do so. Thus a soldier is allowed to expose himself to the danger of death for the welfare of his country. These hunger-strikers look upon themselves as soldiers on a different battlefield, one that requires heroism more exacting even, than the heroism displayed on No-man's-land.

Which should I say in honor of the Sorrows of Our Lady,—The Seven Dolor Rosary or the Sorrowful Mysteries of the ordinary Rosary?

Say both if you can. If you cannot, say either one that appeals to you,—the one you feel most devotion in saying; because the indulgences attached to both are very great. Or change off,—because the mysteries to be considered are somewhat different, and thus different examples and lessons are brought to your mind.

Some Good Books

Hildebrand: Pope Gregory VII. By J. Wilmot Buxton. F. R. H. S. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price: post paid, \$1.65.

This is one of the Heroes of the Faith Series. A grander personality could hardly have been chosen. No student of history can fail to come under the spell of the great Hildebrand. It is a life to thrill the romantic mind of youth and awaken a love of nobility, character and steadfastness to right.

The story is told also in a way to bring out Hildebrand's character, in gripping, dramatic incidents. Short chapters—like acts in a drama—lead through struggle, failure, gloom, to the final triumph.

Unfortunately, it seems to me, the picture is so drawn, that the shadows preponderate and villains seem to be more numerous than heroes. Perhaps the background is made so dark to let the grand figure of Hildebrand, Gregory VII. stand out in greater splendor—alone.

A real hero book for school children and high school pupils.

Christian Politeness. By Rev. M. M. Gerend. St. John's Institute, St. Francis, Wisconsin. Price, cloth, \$1.10, De Luxe Edition, \$1.35.

No better idea of the purpose and scope of this excellent book on Etiquette can be given than by quoting the words of the Rev. author in his Introduction: "The present treatise was compiled to help, in part, to supply the lack referred to above (lack of good breeding in the rising generation). But whilst laying down the rules of etiquette to be observed in college and academies, we have not forgotten the children and the older folk. In fact, the rules of politeness are essentially the same for both".

Father Gerend's book makes no pretence of initiating the reader into the finer points of etiquette. It is a sane, practical guide for ordinary Christians in all their daily relations with their fellowmen. And through the whole there breathes the sweet odor of

Christ, as well befits a book on Christian Politeness. We are glad to have this opportunity of calling the attention of Catholic teachers to Father Gerend's work.

St. Michael's Almanac for 1921. Mission Press, Techny, Ill. Price 35c.

Time now to be thinking of a good Catholic almanac for the new year, 1921. The well-known one bearing the name of St. Michaelis, if possible, better than ever before. Besides a mine of useful information, it contains instructive and entertaining matter for old and young, with a host of splendid pictures and a folksong by Eugene Harte. In view of the present high cost of paper, the price is surely reasonable.

Beck of Beckford. By M. E. Francis. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price net, \$2.00; postpaid, \$2.15.

Another novel from the pen of the author of *Dark Rosaleen*. There Irish life was her theme. Here it is the fortunes of a Catholic Scotch family "coom down i' th' war! a good bit". One cause of the family's decline is outlined by old Sir John himself: "The Becks never lost the Faith, sir—not one of them. They've been fined, and imprisoned, and hanged, many of 'em for its sake; robbed of goods and lands,—why the Beckford estates used to run from the Mersey to the Ribble—and what is there left to us now? A tumbledown old house, a few fields, and the name".

Another forms the plot of the story and gives rise to the dying admonition of Sir John to his grandson, become Sir Roger Beck of Beckford at the age of six: "Hold up thy head, my lad, and keep thy hands clean". Roger finds the carrying out of this injunction no easy task, especially when the American heiress, Rita—but I must not spoil the story for you. You'll enjoy it from the first page to the closing words on page 350: "Then Roger kissed again, first the mother and then the babe. 'Little John shall have his rights', he said".

Lucid Intervals

Customer—My hair is falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?

New Clerk (who wants to be obliging)—You might take this cigar box. Women often keep theirs in such boxes.

Professor—If the gentleman in the back of the room will kindly remove his hat I will continue and point out a concrete example.

There were plenty of empty seats in the car, but the smiling youth who wore his hat on the back part of his head stopped opposite the handsome young woman in the red hat and said in the most engaging manner:

"Can I take this seat, Miss?"

"I have no objection sir," she said in a tone that froze the last smile on his face, "but I think it's nailed down."

"If yoh husband beats yoh, mebbe yoh kin hab him sent ter der whippin' post," said Mrs. Potomac Jackson.

"If mah husband evah beats me," replied Mrs. Tolliver Grapevine, "dey kin sen' him ter de whippin' post ef dey wants ter, but dey'll hab ter wait till he gits out'n de hospital."

"So this is the fog-horn," said the girl to the captain. "How interesting!

"Where do you keep the fog to blow it with?"

"It's just as wrong to gamble when you win as when you lose."

"Yessah," asserted Mr. Erastus Pinkey. "De immorality is jes' as great, but de inconvenience ain't."

For an hour the campaign orator had been holding forth until his audience had dwindled down to two small boys. Still, he was gratified that he still held them in his impassioned thrall. He was just working up to a grand, spread-eagle climax, when one turned to the other.

"What'd I tell yer, Bill?" he exclaimed. "See, it is the lower jaw that works."

The panicky pedestrian hesitated at the intersection of two busy streets. A motor car was rushing upon him from one direction; from another point a motorcycle was approaching rapidly; an auto truck was coming from behind and a taxicab was speedily bearing down upon him. He gave a hopeless glance upward. Directly above him a run-away aeroplane was in rapid descent. There remained for him but one resource. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid, jumped into the hole—and was run over by a subway train.

During a lecture a well-known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in some parts the number of men was larger than that of women, and he added humorously:

"I can therefore recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part of the world."

A young lady seated in one of the last rows got up, and, full of indignation, was leaving the room rather noisily, whereupon the lecturer remarked:

"I did not mean that it need be done in such a hurry as that."

Policeman—"What are you standing 'ere for?"

Loafer—"Nuffink."

Policeman—"Well, just move on. If everybody was to stand in one place, how would the rest get past?"

A Red Cross visitor was making his rounds of the soldier patients in an Army Reconstruction Hospital when a colored soldier greeted him with: "Say, boss, what is they keeping me here in this hospital for—a souvenir?"

Father—I am ashamed to see you crying because a bee stung you. Act like a man.

Bobbie—Y-es, and th-then you-yo'd gim-me ali-lickin', like you s-said y-you would i-if you ever h-had m-me usin' that kind of l-language.